REPUBLICA

By

John Preston Campbell

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. PS1252 Copyright No.
Shelf. C4P4
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

REPUBLICA:

A NATIONAL POEM.

BY

JOHN PRESTON CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "QUEEN SYLVIA," "THE SUMMERLESS SEA," ETC., ETC.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,

PRINTERS.

1891.

Copyright, 1890, by John Preston Campbell.

TO THE

FAIR MAIDENS OF AMERICA

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Some years since the author was walking by the margin of the extreme southern portion of Lake Huron, —one delightful evening during those meditative moments between sunset and dark, when the imagination is apt to be alive with poetical fancies and the soul of man susceptible to purer conceptions than during the heat of a July day; yes, it was at such a time the author walked by that great expanse of waters, thinking of the "fallen powers of antiquity," and wondering "whether the Land of the Presidents would ever 'decline and fall' as fell the Roman empire?"

Just at the deepest moment of such speculative conceptions, methought the Goddess of Liberty—arrayed in a star-bespangled costume, girt about her loins with

silken and silvered cords of loosely-fitting strands, having a kind of light and airy helmet upon her head, golden and beautiful of design—stepped into my pathway, raised a cautioning finger, and smiled on me,—oh, such an enchanting and charming smile!

I paused, astonished at the beautiful apparition before me, and was just preparing to speak when she vanished as suddenly as she had appeared.

When my bewildered senses had a little regained their wonted equilibrium, my mind fell into the following train of thought:

"Why did she appear, simply to vanish so suddenly? and what could her cautioning finger have meant, other than that this nation is not to 'decline and fall' by political factions or counter forces?"

Having remained for some time, and being no further molested by my fair but vanished visitant, I turned from the margin of the lake and secured a night's lodging near by.

Next day I went forth into the busy world; but, try as I might, I could not remove the impress or

mirrored likeness of the Goddess of Liberty from the reflective tablets of my memory.

As the weeks and months sped onward, nothing, it seemed, would afford me peace other than penning and perfecting the following poetical tribute to "Republica."

Whatever talent, or lack thereof, may be found displayed in the lines, the toil of constructing this "national poem" has been to the author that of a delightful task; for the radiant image of the Goddess of Liberty, with her uplifted and cautioning finger, sweet smile, and idolized flag-garment, has ever been before him since the evening in which she appeared and vanished so unaccountably on the southern shore of Lake Huron.

With this explanation of how the subjoined poem came to be written, it is published for the gratification and pride of the American people.

C.

ABILENE, KANSAS, March 13, 1891.

CONTENTS.

PART I. PAGE

COUNCILS OF THE SKIES 11

PART II.

HER LOVE EPISODES WITH MORDESTI 37

PART III.

REPUBLICA IS CROWNED 57

PART IV.

MARS AND MORDESTI 79

PART V.

REUNITED 101

PART VI.

THE FOUR YOUNG SISTERS 117

PART VII.

DESTINY 135

PART I.

COUNCILS OF THE SKIES.

COUNCILS OF THE SKIES.

Behold a council of the skies
  Convened of gods and angels rare;
They meet on purpose to advise
  Concerning a discovered country fair.
The time is fourteen hundred ninety-two,
The event familiar quite to you,
How Columbus westward sailing came,
Voyaging on the rough Atlantic main,
For days, weeks, months, through all
  Sore tried by the tumult of his men;
How his hopes did rise and fall
  While gazing o'er the water's hem;

Looking and longing for the land,
Ruling and soothing the sailor band.
How all his theories were scouted
Until the fore-deck pilot shouted,
"Just ahead, a continent's at hand!"

This great event was noised abroad,
In the skies as well as all the world,
Until an angel sought the Lord
And, with drooping pinions furled,
Made suggestion most mildly meet,
That "A goddess should be selected—
One with golden crown protected—
To rule over this famed retreat."

Thereat a mighty council did convene
With exceeding small delay,
Glorious as ever yet was seen
In the realms of perfect day.
To it came gods and goddesses rare,
Surrounded by a kind of mellow glow

Of pure and translucent air,
  Which from their features did outflow.
The place was a Parnassian height,
  Where lily bells did bloom,
Bathed in effulgent light
  And laden with a mild perfume;
The whole was lovely as a dawn,
God's new created worlds among.

Famed Juno and Jupiter were there,
Apollo and bewitching Venus fair;
Psyche and the lyric muse Erato;
Amphion, Galatæ, Triton, and Io;
Hebe, Helena, Euterpe, and Hercules;
Icarus, Minerva, Mars, and the Nereides;
Albion, Orpheus, Pan, Phaon, Cloactina,
Ariadne, Castor, Ops, and Proserpina;
In a word, the great circle far
  Extended about the brow of the hill;
While on each beamed brightly a star,
  Their favor the better to fulfil.

Jove, the great and mighty God,
Doth the circle now applaud,
While they raise their adoration chant
To "The Heavenly King Omnipotent."
He steps within the circle grand,
Robed in soft and silken lace
Rarer than ever raiment at hand,
With mildly kind, benignant face.

At this the voice of Jove is heard
In mildly sweet accented word:
"Now, give heed, ye assembled throngs,
In this spot of brightening dawns,
For the enterprise of a daring man
Doth the watery wastes of danger span:
Columbus, from the Old World's side,
Hath a new continent descried.
Hence, from among your number supreme,
I would select a noble queen
As the ideal goddess of its destiny,—
From its centre to surrounding sea.

Assembled myriads, are there none to go
On such mission to the earth below?"

As thus did Jove the inquiry frame,
One with fair and lovely name,
  With hallowed and angel charms,
  Taper fingers, and soft white arms,
A meek obeisance thereat made,
Saying, "Supreme, Thy summons is obeyed."

'Twas a sight most beautiful, I ween,
To behold this fair and radiant queen,
As Jove laid his hand upon her head,
Saying, "Sweet daughter, be comforted;
Take the blessing I freely give:
Take, oh, take the same, and live!"

As these accents celestial fell,
From the circle there arose a swell
  Of prolonged and sweetly blending song;
It echoed thro' each blissful dell,—

Echoed and re-echoed long,
Reverberating the assembled gods among.

The hymn celestial being ended,
Many a fond "adieu" was there extended.
'Tis said that e'en the gods let fall
Some deeply regretful tears,
That one so very frail and small
Should be doomed to quit the spheres
For the far away and earthly ball,
There to linger thro' unnumbered years.

But, as Republica went tripping by,
The radiant glow of a golden gleam
Sped with her adown the fair bright sky:
'Twas brilliant as ever yet was seen
By mortal or even angel's eye,
And remembered long shall be
By those of that celestial company.

Descended from Albion and Britannia
Are the sisters Germania and Republica.
'Tis said, in the happy olden time,
While engaged in building ships,
The god Albion, of parentage divine,
Caressed and kissed Britannia's lips:
That his passion could only be appeased
By sailing with her upon the seas.

Now, 'tis not difficult to comprehend
How such a charming courtship would end:
The legitimate product thereof would be
These beautiful sisters fair to see;
All this we can readily understand.
But how such offspring left old England—
Assuming their stations in the skies,
There awaiting until requirement should arise,
Thus calling them once again to earth—
'Tis beyond the knowledge of mortal birth.

But, when Albion left the British Isle,
I suppose he used astrologer's guile,
Thus taking his daughters to the spheres,
Against Britannia's love and tears;
For, 'tis sure, Republica was selected,
As is herein poetically enacted,
And that Germania, in the course of time,
Became goddess of the Rhineland clime:
Chosen from the circle of the gods so free,
  Tender, beautiful, and most fair,
To preside over the realm of the Baltic Sea,
  The god of heaven's thought and care.

Britannia beheld her elder daughter
Ere she crossed the Atlantic water;
For a short space of time she did alight
In full view of the mother's sight.
However, she refused to be restrained,
And thus the coast of America gained.

Within this favored spot of earth
  She commenced a country of her own,—
Aided by no royal sons of birth,—
  Liberty's land without a throne.
Heaven protected and refined,
Just suited to the awakening liberal mind.

At first 'twas lonely as could be,
For she'd been used to blissful company;
But voyagers kept coming now and then.
She guarded well each colonial gem.
Troubled with Indians, it is true;
But there was nothing else to do
Other than to remain and live it out,
Or take the direct and backward route:
A thing Republica could not afford,—
Become the jest of the celestial hoard;
Indeed, she'd rather never see the spheres,
  Or any inmate of the starry clime,
Than bring to her kinships tears
  For such conduct she deemed a crime.

Britannia proved an exacting mother,
As the days and months went by,—
This the world can testify of her,
For hitherward she cast a jealous eye;
And no sooner did she gain knowledge
Of Republica's rare prosperity
Than she flew at once in a rage,
Despatching her lords beyond the sea,
And commanding the wayward daughter
To "Hasten straight across the water
And make report of the new domain,—
Riches and resources of the same."

This message was given under the hand
Of England's world-renowned seal,
Both feared and favored in every land,
And accompanied by a sort of ominous weal.
Ah, truly, Britannia boasted with pride
Her number of naval boats on every tide,—
Mail-clad and majestic to look upon,
Either in the dying day or early dawn,

For they cast a shadow in the seas
Fearfully indicative of the destinies.

The message was of high-sounding tone,
And delivered by the famous Lord Ratherbone.
She scanned the paper on which 'twas writ
As one would with love deeply smit
On receipt of a perfumed billet-doux
Breaking a marital promise square in two;
But when the last of it she'd fairly read,
She turned, and to Lord Ratherbone said,
"Pray tell my mother, the royal queen,
That the Atlantic Ocean doth intervene
Betwixt old England's rugged shore
And this beautiful realm of golden ore;
That this is a liberty-loving clime;
That men and women flocking here
Recognize no 'prerogative right divine,'
That possibly with them may interfere.—
No, I'll not repair to the folks at home;
Sir, you may take the message back alone."

Indeed, it was provoking as could be
To his lordship—"envoy extraordinary"—
Thus to be publicly humiliated;
For on His Majesty you know it grated.
Howsoever, across the waters he went,
Actuated by no very friendly intent,
And submitted Republica's proud reply
To the flashing rage of Britannia's eye.
Her very frame did fearful quiver
As she read, and heaved a hateful sigh,
Saying, "The fates on her beyond the river:
It seemed quite enough of pain for me
To have borne this child of high degree;
Indeed, the heathenish and heartless thing,
A mother's mandate thus to backward fling,
When I asked rightful account of her
Simply for a wealth estimate, as it were,
Of dominions vast in the New World,
Where my national emblem is unfurled.
Ah, my Republica! thou shalt learn
A mother's rightful and exacting wish

In somewhat milder mood to spurn,
For thou shalt taste a bitter dish
Prepared by war's mandate stern!
This I pledge before the throne above:
For thou hast forfeited maternal love,
Disgraced thy kinships fair and bright,
By setting at naught a mother's right."

Direst threats o'er the waters came,
And burthensome duties the very same.
However, Republica gave little heed
To gathering tempests as they did breed:
She guarded with much care her colonies,
Resisting usurpation beyond the seas,
Until they numbered thirteen in all,
With a growing population noways small.
Then meetings frequently were held,
Patriotic impulses each bosom swelled,
Until, at last, some boxes of Boston tea
Were thrown into the broad Atlantic Sea.

Right now dire mischiefs did begin:
Britannia against the Lord did sin;
She quickly despatched her armed men,
Ordering "Republica put in a prison pen!"
But this proved quite a thing to do,
For liberty's loyal and uprising sons
Removed many a red-coat out of view
By the belching force of Yankee guns.

Now, dreadful war had been decreed;
'Twas time this realm should be freed;
Hence, the gods reassembled in the skies,
Perchance some assistance to devise
In support of Albion's daughter fair
And the peerless subjects of her care.

Both near and remotely flitting came
Messengers beautiful and fair of name
To that selected and snowy height,
Where the gods in council did unite

Their presence, if nothing more, to lend
To the just, the right and proper end,
That the new world might liberty gain,
Thus breaking asunder every feudal chain.

It was a most inviting sight, I ween,
The goddess Republica to have seen
Inspiring and leading on her troops
  Against the royal, red-coat Britishers,—
Well fed and sleek, with high-top boots;
  Such deeds of patriotism the soul stirs.
Wherever Republica's image passed,
Cheer and confidence about were cast;
Men forsook the cradle and the plough,
Hastening to take the "Continental Vow:"
They fought as if a kind of holy boon
Remained for them in each coveted tomb.

Like the famed and fearless Joan of Arc,
And illuminated with a celestial spark,

Republica was the attraction of all;
Mounted on her white charger slim and tall,—
A steed with stride more swift than wind,
With never a spot or hair begrimed,—
What, 'though unseen to the natural eye,
Each and every colonist deemed her nigh,
Aiding and urging on the "glorious cause,"
That brought to heaven and earth applause.

'Twas then sister nations of the world,
With rapturous gaze, beheld unfurled
Each ample, fair, and flowing fold
Of the star-spangled banner of gold.
Undoubtedly, they were somewhat jealous
To look upon Republica and us;
And e'en the evil-minded imps, that are
Inhabitants of the deep void afar,
Reluctantly turned their malignant eyes
Toward the light in liberty's skies,
So very sudden it burst upon the view,
When England and America became two.

Warbling birds, with beauteous wing,
Among the groves continually did sing;
And children, bright as a morn of May,
Ever prattled of "patriotic deeds"
While passing to school—upon the way—
Over mountains, through valleys, meads.

Britannia took the matter very sore;
She over "Great Britain's defeat" did pore,
Saying, "That wayward child of mine,
Republica, whom I fancied half divine,
Exults in a want of parental power
In the home-household this very hour.
Ye parliamentarians of my councils high,
Ye warriors, on that culprit keep an eye!
For, indeed, we yet may bring to bear
The subjugation of my disobedient heir.
Strange, that she across the water should
Govern such a numerous brotherhood
By the force of her enchanting charms;

For she's such a tender, budding rose,
And scarcely out of her baby-clothes."

'Twas thus our mother across the way
Expressed most unreservedly her say;
While other nationalities became glad
That Republica, by the force of arms, had
Given freedom to such a noble race
So valiant and full of Puritanic grace,
Whose mission was to moralize the world
With education of an order grand and high,
With Pagan and heathen gods downhurled
From their occupying niches in the sky.

Even Germania, from over the waters afar,
Was then viewing liberty's rising star,
Thinking soon to leave her mother alone,—
Sole mistress of the English throne,—
And establish upon the "continent of art"
Another nation—America's counterpart.

Rumor of this came to the British queen;
But Germania had a more submissive mien
Than her sister Republica, you see,
And bended to her mother the obedient knee.
Hence, with a patient air of resignation,
She awaited the onward sweep of creation;
Then, all in good time, Germania too
Bade the British throne "a long adieu,"
Taking her departure hence, that she
Adorned like her charming sister might be.

But let us leave Germania and her clime,
That further note of our goddess divine
May here be made, while passing along
In the narration of this poetic song;
For most essential it is, you see,
That we slight not this angel free,
Who is the moving cause of the theme,—
Brilliant and lovely as a "Fairy Queen."

Early, indeed, the colonists strove to gain
A deep and firmly-fastened anchorage
In this free, inviting wide domain,
That no kindred force or frowning rage
Should ever thereafter remove again.
Seraphim, flitting through the skies,
Looked down on this as a new paradise,
And ofttimes rested their weary wings
By mount and glade and gushing springs.

In our day, the gods all covetous seem
Of this bright liberty land, I ween.
Our beloved Republica now is proud;
Indeed, her fame is spoken quite aloud:
'Tis noised at home and far abroad
With very much of favor and applaud.
Many of the famed poets of the times
Inscribe to her their sonnet rhymes;
And blacksmiths, as their anvils ring,
Of "Liberty's Goddess" sweetly sing;

The aged matron at the spinning-wheel
A kind of patriotic impulse doth feel;
Jury and judge upon the bench doth mind
Her promulgated precepts ever kind;
While laborers in the field or fell,
From the morning until the night,
Something good of Republica doth tell,—
Which is a source of much delight
To us who in these realms do dwell.

Our rivers run with brighter gleams,
The orb of day gives forth fairer beams;
The silvery moon and stars at night
Serenely sparkle with a diviner light
Than when these colonies were under reign
Of Britannia, cruel and proudly vain.
The age of blessed arts seems ushered in;
There is a less degeneracy in sin:
Modern Puritans, from the parent tree,
To Heaven bend the suppliant knee
In the attitude of ever-mindful prayer;

This is the cause of our prosperity,
And the same is heralded everywhere.
Exiles, from other and distant lands,
Hither in vast numbers flocking come,
Much joyed when the approaching strands
Proclaim their weary voyaging done,
And, landing, grasp our greeting hands.

Indeed, many a jealous and sidelong look
Britannia upon these colonies took;
Doubtless looking forward to the day
When, supremely reinstated over them
In grand and royal pomp, she would hold sway,
For she deemed herself "mistress of men,"—
Imagined herself much like a deity
Favored with a Heaven-delegated decree
To dictate to all the vast earth,—ay,
From the Land's End to Baffin's Bay.

Still Republica would not be ruled;
In wisdom's walks she had been schooled;

What though with form of slender turn,
Sovereign could of this goddess learn
Very much concerning statesmanship,
For into its deep and vast profundity
She would careful and continual dip,
Until exceeding well versed was she
In government problems and perplexity:
Never a one could say her nay;
Bearded patriarchs, with heads of snow,
About Republica did constant stray,
Becking and bending to move her bosom's flow.

She held in her hand the harp of peace,—
Blest symbol of the realm's increase:
Upon her head a wreath of diamonds shone,—
Queen regent she without a throne;
Silver slippers, with tips of gold,
Did her chaste and delicate feet enfold;
Her dress, star-bespangled and deep blue,
Was gemmed like the early beaded dew,

While a breaking light about her eyes
Showed she was most favored of the skies.

'Twas now the greatly famed of all lands
Approached,—with courtiers and with bands
Gaily gilt with robes of glittering braid,
A pompous and resplendent cavalcade,—
To pay respect and homage very just—
Voluntary, not because they must—
To our famed goddess of the clime,
Because they knew at once she was divine.

Of these councils of the skies, 'tis said,
Many famed legends have been told
Concerning this fair American maid
And her nightly rides upon the wold;
But, my gentle reader, let us see
What in the next division there may be.

PART II.

HER LOVE EPISODES WITH MORDESTI.

HER LOVE EPISODES WITH MORDESTI.

Once on a time, as Republica did stray,
Under a full moon's serenest ray,
Along the far and rough Atlantic shore,
  Near where our pilgrim fathers landed
In the distant and trying days of yore,—
  Yes, my reader, to be fair and candid,—
It so chanced one youthful Mordesti,
A fair and godlike wanderer from the sky,
Was winging somewhat wearily along,
When he heard the notes of Republica's song:
For oftentimes she did sweetly sing
When her spirit seemed sad and drooping;
Hence, Mordesti hesitated not to alight
And view her charms so fair and bright.

Now, this occurred in that early time
Ere Republica had long been in this clime;
And, no doubt, she may have lonely seemed,
For oft of the celestials had she dreamed
And wished herself back within the sky,
Ranging its bright and shining canopy.

However, Republica seldom repined
Or let downfall the regretful tear,
For she was much too noble and refined;
Hence, she banished each foolish fear.
But still, upon this very eventide,
She viewed the waters stretching wide,—
Fondly gazed upon the gleaming stars,
And almost wished that mortal jars
Would hither at their bidding bring
Some fond god from the celestial clime
With whom she might converse and sing,
In love's mutual blisses all divine;
For Cupid, that little fellow queer,
Was cutting antics round about her near.

Republica not the least whit startled was.
'Tis different far you know with us,
Who are mortal and timid in our ways;
But they who fear no ending length of days
May not, of course, so apprehensive be
Of frights and phantoms that do roam
Through dismal woods, about the foamy sea,
Like wandering outcasts without a home.

As Mordesti slackened wing, alighting,
Republica very graciously said,
"Messenger, to me thy visit is inviting,
Thou art most welcome to this glade;
For the night seems lone and drear.
Come, tell me through what fields so fair
Thou hast winged in wandering here,
Since quitting yon realm bright of air.
See!—the moonbeams are lovely as ever fell
O'er fairy isle or enchanted dell.
Mordesti, come haste thee, now, and say
How the gods have occupied their time

Since from our sphere I've been away,
Acting goddess of this earthly clime."

The young god, Mordesti, made answer meek,
Saying, "Gentle one, from me you seek
That which, in very truth, I may not give,
For the greater part of life I live
In winging the wastes of the universe,
That its deep mysteries I may rehearse
To all the gods who gather 'round
On that high Parnassian spot of ground;
For curious, indeed, they are, you know,
To understand the shadings of the rainbow
And dozens of more important things
Learned by those having tireless wings."

Thereat Republica with much favor smiled,
And thus replied, in softest accents mild:
"I've come the blest light to enjoy,
As gods and maids about the towers of Troy

Were wont to mingle in the olden time,
Their converse both mortal and divine.
However, not a wanderer like unto yourself,
Heaven commissioned, or come by stealth,
Did I think this lone hour to behold
Upon this uninhabited and desert wold.
Gentle Mordesti, pray come this way anear,
While on this mound of beautiful flowers
We sit us friendly and conversing here
Until fled are night's darksome hours."

Thus saying, they selected the mound,
No other seat being convenient around,
And, for many hours, they talked of love;
The wondrous and blest beings above;
The God that rules the moving spheres,
The future, and its eternity of years;
The lark, the robin, and the little wren;
The baseness of some degraded men;
The nereides, and of the water-sprites;
Flash and flare of the northern lights;

The shooting stars that oft did fall;
As well as a million other things
Of which the sacred psalmist sings.

'Twas morn when they quitted the mound,
The god of day was winging around;
The night had flown as 'twere an hour,
For love's enchantment held its power.
"Will Mordesti to my bower go,—
My bower of beech and lily leaves?
For much in need of rest he is, I know,
And darkly lowering is the breeze
Which threatens a kind of gale to blow."

Thereat, Mordesti kindly answered her,
"To thy will, fair one, I bow."
"Then haste, the song-birds are astir;
Come, the time is onward fleeting now."
And, like airy and lithesome spirits, they
Passed to her bower without delay.

A wedding superbly grand—that very night—
Was celebrated under the northern light;
The bells of heaven reverberatingly did ring,
There was such deep and fervent rejoicing,
While two golden clasps from an angel's hand
Served as a kind of reverse-adjustable band
About the forms of Republica and Mordesti,
Decorated with gems from out the glowing sky.
A beautiful and spotless bridal robe
Surrounding our country's goddess flowed;
And the silvery apparel of the groom
Made contrast with his cheek of bloom.
Indeed, his bearing was noble then to see,—
'Twas plain Mordesti was of high degree,
Descended from no humbler parentage
Than noble Rodester and gentle Lervage:
A god and goddess of the primitive time,
Who dwelt within the silvery shrine
Of the famed and fair Parnassian heights,
Where reflected gleam the heavenly lights.

Brave young Mordesti left Republica not,
But together they shared the common lot.
Children numerous—daughters very fair—
Were born to this loving and devoted pair.
Small trouble these youngsters proved to be:
They would frolic and sport upon the lea
When scarce a day had passed them by,
Or soar upon their wings into the sky,
Returning, after wonders there were viewed,
Always in a cheery and pleasant mood.
More rapid than mortal children, too,
They soon to graceful womanhood grew,
And were each by Republica assigned
A state just suited to her mind;
To preside its ideal goddess,—gentle, true,
Ever upheld before the people's view.

As the years passed other children came,—
Most beautiful in form and fair of name,—
Lithe little golden-haired girls were they.
Few years found them bright goddesses; ay,

For, it seemed, when a new state was named,
An additional goddess its honors claimed.

Still is born to Republica and Mordesti
Gentle offspring for such station high;
And, doubtless, will continue to be,
So long as states are added to our country;
For they, of such line, do not grow old,
Nor vex themselves with getting gold,
As do many mortals much less wise,
Who ever toil and fret beneath the skies.

These goddesses were given earthly names,—
  The very same in syllable and sound
Which the state assigned them claims.
  Known by these, they flit the world around,
And are greeted kindly by kings and dames.

Now, as the time passed glidingly along,
  And youthful states admitted were,

Britannia once more felt called upon
To exact of her soldiery an especial care
Regarding the progress of our common land;
So, in exactly eighteen hundred twelve,
The red-coat British hireling band
Took a notion new graves to dig and delve
On our Columbia's fair inviting strand.

Thereat, Republica rallied up her men;
Short time armies were on the march again;
Thundering from our forts, and harbors too,
Guns projectiles of destruction threw,—
Not in a wanton and aggressive strife,
But to preserve the nation's life.

Two rounded years, or more, onward fled,
When again the victorious and buoyant tread
Of our brave and home-returning soldiery
Resounded from the centre to the sea;
And thus Britannia had it demonstrated plain
That a daughter beyond the Atlantic main

Had a will and a purpose of her own,
Although she could not boast a throne,
Or control with the wave of her hand
The serfs of a feudal and iron land.

Not in America alone were rejoicings held:
Far above the clouds jubilees swelled;
The gods and goddesses, indeed, were glad
That this second wonderful triumph had
Terminated in favor of one of their line
So gentle, fair, so brilliant and benign.

Meanwhile, and as the onflowing ages passed,
Political problems of a nature vast
Were daily and hourly being sprung
By aspiring statesmen old and young;
And the "wisdom of Republica to rule"
Became the topic of the common school;
While the people seemed to worship her will
From the coast of Georgia to Hampshire Hill.

Now, Mordesti took good care to send
Swift-winged messengers that might wend
All space 'twixt the earth and spheres;
  Thus securing her counsels from the gods,
As well angelic and heavenly cheers,
  And exact position of the golden rods,—
The same were precisely nine in number,
  And most bright and beautiful, too,
Mounted on pivotals of shining umber,
  Presaging all future occurrences true.

Reader, you may incline to think it fable,—
  The story of these golden weather-vanes,—
But to make it very plain I'm able,
  Should I take a little extra pains;
So, pray, give me your attention a spell,
And of the golden weather-vanes I'll tell:

On the very top of the Parnassian hills—
  Where no kind of storm ever falls,

Where no inundating or swelling rills
  Break from out their banks, or appalls—
There are nine polished shafts set a-line,
And upon each a golden rod doth shine;
Turning at once both in and outward
As the varying game of life is played.

When Peace doth stray within our clime,
These pointed rods stand all a-line,
So that wanderers may pass safely by,
Either in going to or coming from the sky;
But, when mortals for contentions yearn,
These pointed rods do outward turn,
Like lancets sharpened at either end,
And to quite a distance do extend.

When out of line these rods do stand,
One must be wary both of foot and hand:
For their wounding points, you know,
As back and forth celestial voyagers go,

When outward each doth gleaming turn,
Prove a barrier of very deep concern.

Still, with brave Mordesti lingering near,
It mattered very little, you know,
Whether or not from the gods she could hear
While sojourning on the earth below;
For a constant smile lit up her face
As she moved about from place to place.

Strange it is, but all the fairy kind
Were drawn to her with one impulse of mind;
Indeed, it was no uncommon thing
To observe dozens on foot and on wing
Coming from the greenwood forest shades,
Accompanied by fair and laughing maids,
To pay all sort of respectful rites,
Both in the daytime and the nights,
To one found gifted to command
Such a realm as is the American land.

True it is, very many of these little folk
Never so much as a wish to Republica spoke;
For their language consisted of sounds
Which many an expert speaker confounds;
But they wished Republica only well,
And gazed admiringly from forest and dell
When she happed to pass cheerily along,
Singing some fragment of a patriotic song,
Or urging the sons of liberty free
To guard well our national destiny,

The conduct of this goddess of the Occident
Furnished theme for daily and hourly comment
In parliament, as well as in the gilded car,
On the streets, and commons of Trafalgar;
For poor people were ofttimes seen
Bidding adieu to England's haughty queen:
To take shipping for famed and free America—
In boats—where they might be stowed away;
Riding, for days, down below the water-line,
Hid 'mid boxes, barrels, and bottled wine,

So extremely and over-anxious were they
To gain the shores of loved Columbia.

Meanwhile, peris bright above the globe
Were weaving a fine and amber robe;
For most befitting it was, you see,
That Republica be garbed all gorgeously,
As becometh well a daughter of the gods,
When she with earthly mortal plods.

Yes, the country had some internal foes:
Contentious strifes not infrequent rose;
But Republica's judgment was very rare:
To harmonize things was her greatest care;
And most wonderful and well was her part
Performed in this gifted and generous art.

Thus she was raised to great renown,
While up above was formed a golden crown,

Made expressly and on purpose that she
Might the recognized and favored be.
However, another division of my song
Will tell of the crown's putting on.

PART III.

REPUBLICA IS CROWNED.

REPUBLICA IS CROWNED.

WHAT lights are those glimmering still
About the brow of famed Bunker Hill?
The very heaven seems fair as day:
'Tis wondrous—a marvel—mystery, ay,
Matronly dames, well versed in fabled lore,
Remember not to have seen the same before;
Silly and simpering girls, with lovers gay,
Sit perplexed, without a word to say.
Ah! 'tis, indeed, a mysterious time,
Productive of heroic thought for rhyme.

Reader, know ye not the reason why
Those lights doth beam within the sky?
It is because the gods do crown
Republica, of just and world-wide renown.

Now they assemble in myriads grand—
A kind of radiant, light, celestial band—
Upon the summit of yonder historic hill,
Where the British sought our colonists to kill.

One lovely seraph of the outward fold,
A crown of sparkling radiance doth uphold;
Whereat Albion claims a father's right,
And presents the crown all glowing bright,
Saying, "Daughter, less emblematic of command
Than as a favored goddess of this land,
This crown on thy forehead I now bestow,
Without ostentation, pomp, or show,
So far, indeed, as earthly things may be,
Although a goodly number here, you see,
Are assembled from the realms of air
To witness this crowning ceremony fair."

Thus saying, Albion placed the crown,
And pressed it, on her forehead, gently down.

Words of kind approval, not a few,
As filing round the brow of the hill
Those gods and goddesses, two and two,
Congratulatingly spoke their will:
"Wishing the newly-crowned goddess
Over earthly undertakings much success,
As well as safe return to the spheres,
When the last crowning triumph nears."

Republica the honors bore with becoming mien;
Not as a proud and royal earthly queen,
Nor a mighty monarch of command,
With an oppressive rod and heavy hand.
Her language, in reply, was most discreet,—
Formed of words both fair and neat,
That met the approval of one and all,
As they from her chaste lips did fall:
"Sire of the clouds and worlds above,
Thou art well assured thy daughter's love;
Be no less confident of my strict devotion
To this favored land beyond the ocean:

The crown I accept, with becoming grace,
And pledge that nothing of a nature base
Shall be associated with it by me,
While governess of this realm beyond the sea.''

Proud, indeed, was Albion of his child;
And each of the assembled circle smiled,
For they well did recognize her worth,
A goddess of such high and noble birth.
In the mean-time, Jupiter was passing by,
And thitherward cast a longing eye;
Hence, he somewhat slower winged along,
And alighted the assembled gods among.

''Hail! ye who are favored of our realms;
I saw the sparkle of your crowns and helms,
And thought this a befitting place
Within which to rest my weary wing,
Ere visiting yonder remotest of race,
Called harpies or some such thing;—

Yes, indeed, let the crowning rite go on,
While I mingle this fair company among."

Now, as Jupiter ceased thus to speak,
Cupid came tripping with footstep meek
And a scowl upon his chubby face,
Muttering, "Base, 'twas very base,
To have called this company without me,
This most wonderful crowning act to see;
Indeed, I've a notion to send an arrow home,
Just to make Republica this wrong own."
Whereupon, he upraised his golden bow
And placed a shaft in act to throw
The very same at the heart of Republica,
In a most wicked and wanton way:
And this he would have done, no doubt,
But for the fact that Hadrosk stept out,—
A hunter known to those of the clime
Where is distilled bright ruby wine,—
Saying, "Now, put away that bow, my boy,
Or I'll lodge a lance in your breast,

Just for a kind of self-convenient toy.
Come, wilt thou instant obey my request?
There's no call for arrow work here:
Each one in this circle we hold very dear;
Then you'd best go right quickly away,—
Haste, give heed to the words I say."

Thereupon, Cupid lowered his golden bow,
Saying, "I rather guess I'd better go,
And leave this selfish company alone
To the fury of the frightful gnome:
For I have some little archery near,
In another place within this sphere,
That had about as well now be done,
And before the setting of this day's sun."

Thus saying, Cupid limped out of sight,
Greatly, indeed, to every one's delight;
But scarcely had the little fellow gone
When, preparing to alight them among,

Beautiful Venus came winging that way,
And resolved her there to make a stay.
Richly was she arrayed in glowing garbs.
She'd driven a pair of caparisoned barbs
The whole distance from the full moon,
Attached to a cab not larger than a spoon;
Her weary steeds rested their feet,
While in the clover vale they did eat.

Venus having had her robes arranged
By some waiters of the nether spheres,
The worn expression of her features changed,—
Buoyant she seemed, and young of years.
Then, turning to Republica, she said,
"In ample time I left the realms of light,
Thinking to behold the crown onlaid,
But my steeds took a kind of fright
At some new-born illuminating star,
And very near upset my gilded car;
However, I trust I'm still in time
To grant you greeting fair of mine."

Republica thanked Venus for her solicitude,
And promised to remember her kindness good.
But behold! others are near at hand;
These, indeed, are of the angel band.
Also comes the fair and youthful Ganymedes,
Bearing a beautiful cup of varied reeds,
And overflowing with delicious juice
Prepared especially for Republica's use.

Fortuna also comes, with friendly mind,
Well laden with riches for mankind.
The daughter of Loamedon, king of Troy,
  Accompanied by the valiant Hercules,—
The same who ceased the sea-monster's annoy
  And braved the tempestuous breeze.
Yonder stands Momus, the god of mirth,
As well Minerva, mistress of heaven and earth.
Cometh there Lucinda, goddess of children,
Plucking flower-buds in yonder glen.
But who is yon with crook alone?
Ah! 'tis the beautiful shepherd Endymion:

Now he hasteth as if a lamb were lost,
And might be chilled in the evening frost.

Comes Orpheus, the same—the son of Ceger, he—
  Who set all the trees and stones a-dancing
To the music of his merry minstrelsy,—
  Comes yonder now straightway advancing;
And he brings the self-same harp along
With which he used to entertain the throng.—
True, many of the company have come full late,
But in the after-joys they can participate;
And this will cheer Republica the more
Than if they'd come ere the crowning was o'er.
For deeply sensitive and very much refined
Is each and every emotion of her mind.

Numerous others of the celestials are there;
But to name them all were quite a care,—
The arrangement of each and every guest
In positions that beseems them best;

For it was something most exceeding grand,
The gathering of this wondrous band.

Now a kind of congratulatory parade
Is held by the celestials assembled there;
The same moves gracefully past the maid,
Extending hands and words of greeting rare.
With gentle smile—full loving—she
Greets each as they do filing pass:
Ah! it was a sight just then to see
This company of celestials en masse,
With their flowing robes and laces,
Their mild, benign, and heavenly faces.

'Twas not until Hyperion, god of the sun,
Came merrily upwinging in the east,
That all of the crowning rite was done;
For they partook a kind of feast,
Which tender genii hands had spread,
After the congratulations were o'er.—

The same consisted of honey and bread
Secured from the far, bright shore.

Then it was Republica bade each "Farewell;"
But of the parting how may the writer tell?
The words, the looks, as well as the tones;
The regrets, the griefs, and tender moans:
Each whisper bespoke the tremulous heart,
As one and another from Republica did depart.

When all had taken their flight into the sky
Save Albion, who lingered still a-nigh,
Republica seemed regretful now to grow
That she couldn't flit from the world below
Up into the blest and beauteous spheres,
With the celestials there to remain
Throughout the long eternity of years;
And never be parted from them again.
However, she held but a moment of regret,
For blest hope was in her being yet;

So, turning to her sire, she pleasantly said,
"The same was, indeed, a gorgeous parade."
"Gorgeous, my daughter, is hardly the name;
And yet I know not how to breathe the same,
For they of the most distant realms of air
Hither to your crowning did repair:
Such favors I little thought would be
Thus conferred upon our royal line
By favor of the chief great Deity,
Thou loved child and heir of mine."

Thereupon, Republica made this reply,
"If, sire of realms fair and celestial,
One so unrenowned and humble as I
Hath been chosen for such honors terrestrial,—
To which warriors and kings may never come,—
Such certainly is not for any merit done
By thy daughter, so very greatly raised,
And for which the gods should all be praised."

As the mild Republica finished speaking,
Some laborers going to their reaping
At that very moment passed along:
  These men were all unconscious quite
That a god and goddess stood the hill upon,
  Which was the cause of the dazzling light
That so very resplendently broke around
Over that immortalized spot of ground.
But still these laborers, as they went,
Somehow, with a common kind of intent,
Ever and continuously kept looking back,
As if, perchance, something they did lack
With which to make their reaping go
That autumn, many years since, you know.

Said Republica, "My father of the spheres,
  Thou art favored above mortal men;
For, behold! these reapers have no fears,
  And why, indeed, should I fear them?—
Well, my dear sire of the starry line,
I know there is something all divine

In these American people, that may be
Greatly developed by favor of the Deity.—
Then speak, my sire, and tell me true,
The method best I ought to pursue,
For I feel that wisdom from one so very wise
Were a boon I ought to reap beneath the skies."

"Daughter of an ancestry noble, grand,—
Goddess crowned of the American land,—
With all my heart I would you thus inform:
Keep a judgment ever cool and uniform;
Nor let disturbing or contentious force
In anywise divert you from your course:
Preserve your celestial individuality,
And ever strive earth's fair goddess to be.—
More, should distracting cares of state
Affect others with a foolish fear,
Maintain a look serene and most sedate,
For your heavenly ancestry ever will be near.
But, now, behold! the beauteous Day
Hath somewhat advanced upon her course,

And I must betake me to the spheres away.
  Listen! there! my heralds call perforce.
Daughter, fare thee well for a time;
  In thy duties as earthly goddess
Be firm, be dutiful, be sublime:
  With my parting benediction, I thee bless."

Saying this, Albion soars away on wings;
But many a glance to earth he downward flings.
While Republica, at bidding her sire "Goodspeed,"
To earthly surroundings gave little heed,
But intently gazed at him departing,
With now and then a tear outstarting
From her benign, mild, and lovely eye;
But she remembered a goddess should not cry,
From her benign, mild, and lovely eye;
And made an effort quite sublime
To hold in check her feelings of repine.

Still, Republica felt herself much alone,
For all the crowning company had flown.

The same, indeed, was a contrast to her then;
Her exacting duties now lay among men,—
The ruling of a vast and honored race,—
In a realm like unto this liberty place,
Which all the world doth kindly look upon,
Uttering friendly words and pleasant song.

It little matters whence she went from there,
Her home and habitation was everywhere;
First appearing at this part, then in that,
In order to see what the people were at;
Pondering on the very best thing to do
For her subjects both manly and true.
She seldom made herself visible in hall,
Where the great of the nation convened,
Nor yet at fancy's frivolous ball
The moving spirit of the dance beseemed;
Indeed, her duties were of an order high,
And for these she had left the sky.

As the fleeting years passed along,
Many people began these shores to throng:
They came from far-off foreign lands,
Landing at our wharfs and strands,
With sinews hard as tempered steel
And hearts of friendship that could feel.
Such came to build them comfortable homes,
Graced with gilded cupolas and rounded domes:
'Tis no place for evil ones to congregate;
But, rather, all with love and life elate
Make most pleasant the passing time
In this fair and highly-favored shrine.

If friendship on earth was ever personified,
It within Republica's bosom did abide.
For she pitied the little chimney-sweep,
Had compassion for poverty in the street;
She ofttimes called at the widow's door
And ordered her genii to lay in store
Of edibles and fuel, from the wintry cold
That sometimes over her realms rolled.

Very much is repeated at this date
Of the grandeur of Republica's estate,—
Call the same fable or what you will,
I certainly incline to believe it still,—
And this charming maid of the spheres
Sheds no useless or regretful tears
Over those things that no earthly control
Can divert from their fore-appointed goal.

Thus, you see, we have a goddess grand,—
Mistress of a wide inviting land;
Adored of our own and kindred folk,
Who've grown tired of no grievous yoke.
The people here upon one footing are
Recognized and honored from afar;
And, when an American goes abroad,
He has but to let the fact be known,
And all the people, with one accord,—
It matters not where he may roam,—
Will greet him kindly, as the same may be,
From earth's centre to its surrounding sea.

But my muse seems impatient to be gone.—
Ah! here comes another, with a different song.
Reader, please step with me across the way,
And I'll repeat to you what she may say—
In the best and choicest words I can
  Employ unto delineation of the same—
Concerning the acts of mortal and immortal man;
  For such, most truly, is the poem's aim.

PART IV.

MARS AND MORDESTI.

MARS AND MORDESTI.

The year is eighteen hundred sixty;
It matters little the month or day.
Mars, the mighty, of Venus's love has tired,
And of Republica has become inspired.
Indeed, this god of battles and of arms
  Hath very much notice taken, you see,
Of the graces and most attractive charms
  Of our goddess so bright and heavenly.

For many days and nights together,
Through sunshine and stormy weather,
This god of the fair celestial spheres
Forsakes and leaves his own compeers
To dally and play with earthly love,
Rather than roam the Parnassian heights above.

Now, this hath a tendency to make Mordesti
Upon Mars cast a jealous sort of eye;
Besides, it hath grown much of a cause
For the interruption of courtesy's laws;
For ever is Mars some place near,
With sparkling eye like a lover's tear.
But she, more discreet than this god renowned,
Thinks and talks of themes profound:
Urges Mars to "Return to the skies;
To cast from her his beaming eyes;
To betake him hence to duties which he
Should grant others of celestial ancestry."
But all she will, she can't persuade,—
He loves and lingers near the maid.

This was a grave mistake of the mighty Mars:
The same led to somewhat frequent jars;
Or, mayhap, more properly speaking here,
To turbulent discord upon this sphere,
Notwithstanding Republica asserted that she
"Didn't care for Mars, save proper courtesy."

Now, Mordesti inclined to think that love
Had brought the war-god from above;
And, knowing full well his ready will,
On the slightest pretext, to cut and kill,
Mordesti prepared himself for strife,
With weapons just suited to his hand;
"For dearly he loved his beautiful wife,
And for Republica he'd fall or stand
At the head of celestial warriors true!"
This he resolved with the least ado.

Hence he betook himself, on wings of light,
Straight upward into the bending sky,
For the sole purpose—that very night—
Of forming with the gods celestial a tie;
For well he knew that swift despatch of will
Doth many and mighty things fulfil.

Mars, having been forbid by Mordesti
To approach his wife with covetous eye,

Of course soon grew sullen and sad,
And acted most unbecomingly bad.
He betook himself to stir the people up,
And went with the Southern throngs to sup:
He thought to dazzle by force of arms
And capture Republica with her charms.
"Of course, she'd soon desert her Mordesti
For his renown and conquest under the sky.
He'd subdue all that portion of the land
Lying north of a certain strand—
Or, rather, Mason and Dixon's line—
Extending from the palmetto to the pine."
For Mars had an eye to bewitching fame,
And wanted to make more renowned his name;
Therefore, he vainly thought to lay
The realm in ruins on that distant day.

"Then he'd build a kind of earthly court
Out of pillared and human bones, for sport,
And with shining gold he'd gild it o'er,—
Brought by genii from the other shore,—

And thus the fair Republica and he
Never again molested in love should be;
Yes, Mordesti he fain would kill,
And thus bend the goddess to his will."

'Twas thus Mars the mighty reasoned,
And with wrath his words well seasoned;
Still, 'twas far from Mordesti's intent
To stir up strifes or dissensions,
But simply and solely to prevent
Those improper loves the Bible mentions.

However, he soon perceived that "battle"
Became Mars's daily talk and tattle;
For Mordesti had returned from the spheres,
And, you know, he had immortal ears,
As well as perceptions very fine,
Widely different from yours or mine;
Besides, it hadn't taken much of any space
For him to learn Mars's intention base,

So he strayed not far from the capitol dome,
With associates ready to protect his own.

Meanwhile, Republica looked on and grieved
That Mordesti should, in her, be so deceived;
But Mars had gotten the notion in his head,
And thus the flame of passion still was fed,
Notwithstanding Albion made every attempt
To reconcile matters that a god could invent.

The mighty Mars first began the strife:
He directed his darts at Mordesti's life.
Not content with this was the warlike god;
He deluged the grasses and the sod
With the blood of liberty wrongly spilled;
Indeed, he maliciously murdered and killed.
Merides was his general in supreme command,
While the valiant Arantros led a shielded band:
The twain bore spears of ponderous length,
Wielding them in hands of wondrous strength.

Balvoster, a warrior famed among the spheres,
Full of wit and long-continued years,
Came at the very first sounding call
To the fairest portion of this floating ball,
For the purpose of engaging in the affray;
For this god was most ambitious: ay,
And never felt a whit better than when
Warring with immortal gods or puny men.

Other generals than these I might name,
Engaged with Mars for fickle fame:
Meron the mighty, Yarket, Falasdemor,
Spyderen, Accondes, Jargon, and Dilisdor;
The powerful and widely-famed Helvaster,
And the jovial shield-bearer Anxelber,—
Each of these warriors with his scars
Placed himself at the feet of Mars.

Among the gods who came to our earth
To battle for the valiant Mordesti

Was one most renowned and mighty of birth,
With towering mien and flashing eye:
Shielded from head to heel was Poloderous,
A god that was slow in stirring up a fuss,
But one who, indeed, would never yield,
While a resisting object held the field.
Came also from the shining spheres
Nefaldo, the grandest of his compeers;
As well the far-famed Nervanti,
To assist in battlings 'neath the sky:
Odero, Ahiam, Idron, Jacradees,
Knalvid, Quatros, Polastor, Valasedes,
And many others who may not be named,
That came to cheer the valiant famed.

Mars's buglers sounded on the affray
At the dawn of one inglorious day;
For some of his forces happened to be
On guard detachment near the Charleston Sea,
So that was furnished a good excuse
The laws of friendship and fealty to abuse.

By turning the most deadly of their guns
Against liberty's loyal-hearted sons.

This was the rallying time for Mordesti,
So he stood with his troops prepared to die.
They were brave indeed as leader ever had,
And in mail devices most securely clad.
Many were the casualties of that day,—
The dead and wounded strewn about did lay,
And when the evening shadows settled in,
Their ghastly features grew more grim.

Mars, battling hand to hand with Knalvid,
He with boastful rebukings chid,—
In the strain that follows here,—
Intended to startle and to fill with fear:
"Thou puny warrior of the realms above,
Sacred, indeed, hath grown thy love
For the renegade and impudent Mordesti;
Art thou, by the hand of Mars, prepared to die?

Wouldst thou measure a lancet's sweep,
And fall headlong from this rugged steep?
Then cross with Mars thy weapon now,
While in twain he cleaves thy brow."

"Ah! not so bold of speech with me,"
Replied, at once, the brave Knalvid,
"Or thy boasting tongue I'll free,
And place thy form beneath the coffin-lid;
For it is no stripling with his arms
Who seeks in war her wild alarms."

Thus saying, these two champions closed;
Their lances clashed in anger most severe,
Until a kind of mist about them rose,
And made the locality dismally drear:
For deep lamentations ladened the gale,
As a consequence of war's iron hail.

At last, from the terrible strife,
Each retired, thankful for his life.

It is true, Mars had much the worst of it;
For such fighting he was wholly unfit:
And it was just the same with his men,—
They were defeated time and time again,
Until they had to abandon the field,
And the victory to Mordesti yield.

However, as the time went speeding on,
  Again Mars rallied up his men of might.—
This one thing he insisted upon,—
  If he couldn't triumph, he could fight;
For contentions seemed to please, you see,
This renowned warrior and daring deity.
Still, he was met by opposing numbers good,
Who, firm as a rock, in line of battle stood.

Many of Mordesti's men fell in the affray,
And remained unburied where they lay;
Noble Ahiam was killed by Helvester,
Falling with never so much as a stir;

Odero and Idron met the same fate;
They were each pinioned by Jargon great
Right through the skulls and the chests,
And left for vermin and the pests.

'Twas the design of Mordesti, you see,
To meet Mars on a footing equal, free,
That each of these champions might
Try his prowess on the other in the fight;
But seek as much as ever he would,
Mars did Mordesti continuously elude.

Polastor singled out the mighty Arantros,
And soon exchanged were deadly blows,
For these champions of opposing sides
Met like the rushing of the tides.
Greatly battered became the shield of him
Who approached to the battle so trim,
For the blows that Polastor showered
Soon the last opposition overpowered;

And, in an unguarded moment, Arantros,
Down falling, never thereafter arose:
Pierced by the lance of Polastor through,
Without time to bid his friends adieu.

Of course, this caused a shout to arise,
That fairly rent the bending skies;
For Arantros was recognized to be
A kind of supreme and warlike deity,
Very nearly as greatly famed as Mars,
In battle strifes and celestial jars.

Now, this mishap enraged the foe
To deeds of desperate daring,
Such as are seldom witnessed here below,
Either in duel, to the death, or sparing;
For Mars rallied up his men, you see,—
Did them enthuse with speech of high degree,
Until they, as with one common impulse,
The forces of Mordesti did repulse.

Shortly thereafter the panic became a run,
And this, when the day was well-nigh done.

As spread word throughout the sky
Of the defeat and rout of Mordesti,
It furnished the occasion of much alarm;
Albion considered his daughter's harm
As inevitable as the same might be;
Indeed, 'twas piteous this god to see,
Weeping regretful tears,—a flood of them,—
As he walked meditatingly on the hem
Of some floating and distant sphere,
When the direful tidings met his ear.
But short he lingered, then straightway flew
To the side of his troubled heir;
To tender what little he might do
As a parent's chief and kindliest care.

He found his daughter on a lonely wold,
With scant and hardly covering from the cold.

'Tis needless to say Republica grieved,
But resolved that all should be retrieved.
The father and daughter long conversed,
While each detail of the battle she rehearsed.

Somewhat over a dozen hours did Albion stay,
Then he uprose on wings and floated away,
Looking fondly back as out of sight he went,
Resolved in the fixed and sure intent
That he "Would send others from the spheres—
Brave and dauntless warriors full of cheers—
To assist Mordesti in battling with Mars;
The sooner to settle these earthly jars,
And bring about a better state of things,
With more harmonious surroundings."

Hence, other battles desperate were waged:
In them gods and mortals engaged;
However, 'tis with the celestials now,
Reader, the writer designs that thou

Shalt more especially become informed,
And how the brave gods to battle swarmed.

The location of the fighting changed somewhat,
From this city to that selected spot,—
Now upon the ground, and then amid the air,
The combatants fought with the energy of despair.
The entire heavens shook at times
With the revel of the battle's chimes;
Hence, prolonged in doubt hung the strife,
While hundreds and thousands lost their life.

Jacradees was the moving spirit then,
  He led his forces to the charge,
Rallying them up again and again,
  Like sailors in a sinking barge;
And no less did Helvester strive to win,
For his mind was actuated by sin.
Knalvid had stricken Falasdemor down
With a lance that laid wide open his crown;

Jargon was felled quite as fatally, too,
Besides dozens of others I'll not name to you,
For hardly was a single battle done
Until another of the terrible war was begun.

During the second year of the strife
Polastor and Valasedes each lost his life;
The mighty Meron and Yarket also fell:
'Twas plain that some fate-woven spell
Had extended a kind of entrapping web
About the outlines of the army of Mars;
For many had fallen and were dead,
While others had deserted and gone to the stars.

The third year of these stirring times
Bore marks of deep-laid and awful crimes;
For numerous of the gods of Mordesti—
The same whose chance 'twas to be captured—
Were hemmed in prisons under the sky,
The foulness of which the world ne'er heard.

Still, from place to place, forever were
Mars's warriors driven in despair;
Back, still back, to the southern coast,—
Terribly beaten, into surrender almost;
But they strove and fought on as before,
  Hearing in the dismal boding winds
Sounds that never sprang up of yore
  From the battle's deadly and crushing dins.

Ardo had met with the valiant Dilisdor
Long time since in this civil war;
The twain had fought and fell together
On the broken and blood-bedabbled heather.
Marvoni the same hard fate had met,
As well the famed and fighting Falasdegret.
There were but few on either side—
  Towards the last of the war—remaining;
Nearly every one had fallen or died
  That seemed fairly worth the naming.

The goddesses of the conspiring states
Most attentively listened to the fates,
And so, of course, went along with them
At the stroke of a desperate leader's pen;
For they were caught by the glint of his stars,
As well as the dash and bravery of Mars.

This sort of thing made Republica grieve;
At first the goddess couldn't believe
The rumors which were so very rife
Pertaining to the "Death of the nation's life."
But when her daughters, one and another
Departing, left their idolized mother
And the social influence that she held,—
In a word, when many of them rebelled,—
It hurt her sensitive nature vastly more
Than all she'd suffered in leaving the sky of yore.

However, the trying time had come:
The last of the fighting now was done;

But yet it still remained, you see,
For Mars to surrender ingloriously.
This the mighty god disliked to do,
He first thought to break his sword in two;
But, brave as ever warrior god,
He walked boldly forth upon the sod
That had been ensanguined with the flow
Of slaughter's strife but an hour ago.

This meeting of the champions brave
Was held on a sloping spot of ground,
Where many a rude-made grave
And sign of war was strewn around,—
There, surrounded by towering southern pines,
Met the leaders bold of contending lines.

When the surrender was passed Mars withdrew,
And winged athwart the vaulted blue
With crestfallen and fearful face,
Seeking some obscure and unfrequented place;
While Mordesti and his victorious men
Returned to their callings once again.

PART V.

REUNITED.

REUNITED.

As might have been expected, in few days
All of the thoroughfares and by-ways
Leading to Washington City free
Were filled with people anxious Republica to see;
And when Mordesti came riding by her side,
Then arose the grand and patriotic pride,
For shout upon shout rent the air
In honor of this beloved and brilliant pair.

"Review Day" in the nation's capitol
Was an occasion to be remembered by all.
Officials very high in rank were there,
Brave lovers and ladies gentle, fair,
While all the bloom of youth was seen
On the features of Mordesti and his queen.

This jubilee gathering lasted for hours.
The victors were crowned with flowers.
Laced with woven and glittering gold,
Republica was an attraction to behold;
Each and every eye was turned to her.
It mattered not where she might stir.
And proud were the returned goddesses, too,
Their fair celestial mother to view
In all the pomp of wordly renown,
Wearing a helmet instead of a crown.

The two Carolinas, Virginia, Mississippi,
Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Missouri,
Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas, Texas,
And Tennessee beheld the procession pass.
Ah, each of these gentle goddesses felt
As if she a terrible wrong had dealt
To her mother and Northern sisters
In going with the headlong hosts
Who laid many a wreck along our coasts.

Came also New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island,
Connecticut, Maine, and Maryland,
Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts,
Pennsylvania, Delaware,—each held regrets,—
Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska,
Iowa, and the fair goddess Minnesota.
In short, the whole list of the sisters fair
Held long and true rejoicings there
That war and cruel strife was done,
That loves and friendships could onward run.

It was, besides, we may well opine,
A matter of much pride to Mordesti
To behold the mate of his bosom divine
Upward lauded to the clouds so very high,
For that was a picture pleasing to retain
While an impulse thrills the heart or brain.

When the reunion parade was ended
Each of the paraders homeward wended,

Much rejoiced that Peace with her spell
Had returned to liberty's land to dwell.
More, each one of the state goddesses then
Passed a pledge that "never should again
Be broken, while time continues here,
The early friendships of this favored sphere."

Now Albion, accompanied by many gods,
Came walking past the golden rods,
Adown that wondrous hill of heaven
Where sins of the repentant are forgiven.
This was in order to be in time
For a place in the grand parading line;
But they loitered along the celestial way
Until the paraders each had gone away.
However, Albion and his chosen friends
Met Republica in the grassy glens
Not far hence from the capitol dome,
All museful wending, but not alone,—
Nay, for Mordesti was with her there,
And they were accompanied by some fair,

Bright forms of the realms above,
Who had come to earth on mission of love.

It was an affecting scene, as well might be,
Albion and Republica meeting on that lea,
While Mordesti and the others stood around,
Filled with admiration most profound.
Indeed, his dutious daughter could
Govern a nation like America good
And still remember a father kind
With the best affections of the mind.

It was more than a minute ere either spoke;
Then the mild Republica the pause broke,
Saying, "Scarcely did I expect to see you here,
  Notwithstanding I longed for your coming,
And felt a sense of loneliness drear
  When the lights of day were outrunning.
Say, my father, from the world above,
Hast thou still for thy daughter love?"

"Yes, fairest one of all," Albion said,
"My love has been constant and unstayed.
Ever, indeed, have I beheld thee with pride,
And thy government of the realms so wide;
And, now that Mordesti hath defeated Mars,
Now that there are to be no more jars,
Now that all will smoothly run and well,
My love unbounded for thee I cannot tell:
It were fit that all the gods come down,
You, my well-beloved daughter, anew to crown."

"Thy praise, my sire, is copious in its sway,
But its utterances will shortly pass away,
For well thou knowest there is naught
Lasting connected with the human lot.
The fame of earth doth quickly end,
For all things to one common level tend;
Crowns, kingdoms, riches, empires, states,
Seem to be quite bounded by the fates.
What though our victory be complete,
Others there are who suffer in defeat;

And this, of itself, would make me sad,
For such, you know, do feel so very bad."

Many were the words of greeting given
To the noble and manly Mordesti
For the manner in which he had striven
And conquered the war-god of the sky.
It may be said, he felt a natural pride
At such praise, given universally wide.
Indeed, Albion was most proud of him,
Arrayed in garments so very trim,
While standing in the moonlight there
With countenance both mild and fair.

Long they talked and roamed together
O'er the hills and through the heather,
And many songs of happiness were sung,
Until the dawning of the day begun;
Then fair Republica and noble Mordesti
Quick vanished from the mortal eye,

Taking up their abode for the day
In a castle of gilded tapestries, ay,
Erected by loving and radiant genii hands
As a liberty court within these lands.

Now, this rare and very secluded shrine
Is of workmanship glorious and divine;
Indeed, it is much too fair to behold
With eyes of the common and thronging fold.
In this court Republica and Mordesti
Receive their company from the sky.

As each of the succeeding years pass along,
Much brighter breaks about the dawn,
And more united grow the people all
Who live in this region of earth's ball.
It seemeth now to be the one intent
To follow the first and original bent
Which our Pilgrim fathers marked out
Ere exploration of the dangerous route.

Ah, indeed, 'twas very much of a venture
From Old England's shores to stir,
With the view of peopling a new world,
With bigotry and superstition downhurled,
Moved by one great and throbbing soul
And regulated by harmony of the whole.

Oftentimes the state goddesses, too,
Assembling, form a circle fair to view,
With their wreaths and turbans of gold
Their bright and sparkling laces manifold,
Their most charming and winning ways,
Their sunny and youthful appearance of days.

But vast and weighty cares of state
Occupy Republica early and late,
As well as Mordesti, the mild and brave,
The worthy god who helped this land to save
When the bold Mars led his treason crew
In hope all resistance to subdue.

'Tis true, old grudges are remembered still
By some trifling fellows of envious will,
But rapidly such persons are passing away,
As doth ebb the tide out of the bay;
Very soon, indeed, they'll all be gone
And their memory nothing but a song.

Albion frequently comes to earth
To visit his daughter grown so renowned,
At all times friendly and full of mirth,
Although meditating on thoughts profound;
And many others are seen to hitherward stray,
Just in the dawn or dark of day,
To converse with mortals so famed and free
As are those of the realm of liberty.

But never once doth Britannia come
Sailing from her shores to this realm of sun
To greet her daughter so justly famed,
With a face of loveliness scarce to be named,

Having more attractive accomplishments
Than those of lords or parliaments.

But Germania, from over the waters far,
Hath made several visits in a golden car
Drawn by fleet steeds of snowy white
And decked in gleaming harness bright,
For she wishes to friendly be with her sister dear,
Republica, the goddess of this sphere.

As well hath Republica and Mordesti
Oft and oftentimes passed through the sky,
Mounted upon proud Pegasus steeds,
Straight in direction of the way that leads
Towards the fair and famed historic Rhine,
To hold converse with Germania divine,
And in short space thereafter to return,
For distance such fleet steeds do spurn.

Now, renowned Britannia long hath ruled,
And to queer notions hath been schooled,

Thinking that it becomes those so great
To look with a kind of imperious hate
Down upon all others who may hap to hold
Favors by the blood and bravery of the bold.
Still, these daughters care not overmuch,
For their liberties lie beyond her iron clutch,
And to their own affairs give heed,
While they grant their mother the queenly meed.

Thus it is the world moves along
With its mighty freight of sighs and song.
Indeed, each and every fleeting year
Brings something to grieve and cheer;
But, taken as the varied seasons run,
There is more of good than evil done.

Quite true, ambitious leaders very bold
Oft strew bones and bodies on the wold,—
Those of their mortal and fellow-men.
Yes, such hath been done again and again,

Simply because some frivolous design
Did the uprising multitudes incline
To clash and clang their angered steel
With a vengeance contending warriors feel,
Vainly thinking that great renown
Followeth the cutting of earth's best down.

But I suppose such things must be
In order to work out Jove's great decree,
For there is a sweep of reaching sway,
  In the structure of the whole,
Not comprehended by minds of clay,—
  Reserved for the best functions of the soul.

How foolish, then, for mortal man
The workings of universal nature to scan,
When the blinded sight of his eyes
Beholds little of vastness beneath the skies;
Or attempt to measure his intellect
With the wisdom of Jove so circumspect!

For were battlings wholly disallowed,
He'd never created the war-god imperious-proud,
Permitted murdering hand to hand,
Nor with famine scourged the land.

Oft we creation's great design do sink
  Beneath the superficial surface of things,
And, with a kind of knowing nod or wink,
  Deny that angels of light have wings,
That gods and goddesses do not dwell
In realms whereof no man may tell,
That all is imagination beyond the real
Of whatever mortals know or feel.

But now let this division end,
For something more romantic, my friend,
Is about to be enlarged and commented upon
In the light of a fair and flowing dawn,
Just breaking from the beautiful bowers
Where the celestials squander their spare hours.

PART VI.

THE FOUR YOUNG SISTERS.

THE FOUR YOUNG SISTERS.

'Tis the year eighteen hundred eighty-nine,
And February is the very month, I say,
When the four new sisters all divine—
Fair daughters of our own Republica—
Are admitted to statehood's equal station,—
A marked distinction of the American nation.

Behold! now their sisters gather near,
To greet them with words of friendly cheer:
Cordial is the grasp of hands as well,
And the love of each bosom none may tell.
See there! the tallest of the four,
South Dakota,—all my readers know her,—
Mild and lovely as a day of spring,
She can lightly converse and sweetly sing;

Her hair is of flowing and flashy gold,
Turbaned bright with crown of artistic mould;
Her's is a clear and finely-shapen face,
Beautiful as some snowy angel's of grace;
Her large and liquid eyes are of an azure hue;
Her chin is rounded with a dimple, too;
And if ever a form was bewitching to see,
South Dakota may present it unto thee.

But, behold! her dearest sister, now,
With a wreath of gold upon her brow,—
North Dakota,—they, in very deed, are twins,
Most angel-like and free from sins.
These, by the way, are the second pair of such
That on the family pedigree doth touch,—
The North and South Carolinas, you know,
Were twins of many and many a year ago,
Out of the very same parental line,
Quite as gifted and equally as sublime;
But, lest we leave Dakota's second goddess,
And go wandering thoughtlessly amiss,

Ere somewhat of interest be told of her,
The charms of the other goddesses we defer.

Darkly and beautiful beam her eyes;
Her dress is like rainbow of the skies,
While the flashy turban that she wears
Is indicative of the fondest personal cares.
Her foot is of the most delicate mould,
While her hair is in wavy tresses rolled.
More distant, indeed, than her sisters she
But the cause whereof is plain to see:
For the rugged clime is more severe,
With less of sunshine there to cheer.

But the gentle goddess Montana comes
From a realm of mildly beautiful suns.
Although she has wandered since a child
Amid the sage-brush and prairies wild
In her far secluded western home,
For years and years almost entirely alone,

Still, she's trim of person and of dress,
Bearing on her face no line of distress;
Indeed, Montana is gentle as a child of three,
With blue eyes, hair dark and wavy.
She scarce is seventeen years old,
And has numerous lovers, I am told.

But the goddess Washington, in her youth,
  Bespeaks from the fair and candid writer
Some especial stanzas of truth,
  And reminds that he must not slight her
In giving this descriptive sketch,
For she has come miles—a weary stretch—
To be received into the castle so fair,
Builded both on earth and in the air.

This goddess has eyes of hazel hue;
She's most beautiful when she looks at you.
Her soft and silken hair is of an auburn cast;
She wears it floating to the blast.

Her garments are gauzy in their shade,
Beautifully frilled and lightly worn,
Showing how the nether limbs are made,—
A thing to make the ladies mourn.

Washington is timid as the wild gazelle
Reared in lonely mountain dell,
For very young she was when she ran away
From her fair and kindly mother Republica.
It seems she was attracted by fame
To the region bearing her historic name;
That for years and years she wildly run,
Reckless, capering in the sun;
Ah, indeed, those who have been there
To the territory of Washington fair
Have many things to say of her ways,
Both in the sun and moonlight rays,
For her passage from point to point, you see,
Is fleet as any spirit's wing may be.

But, quite enough of this descriptive lay;
These four fair and bewitching sisters
Are virtually admitted into the Union to-day,
And are numbered with the best of us.
Proud indeed is Republica, I ween,
To behold this gathering scene
In the court-yard of the castle grand,
Where the forty-two do circling stand,
With a chain of golden links enclosed,—
A barrier to vile approaching foes.

Reader, the sights in heaven are fair
When angel and peri gather there
To offer adoration to the God supreme;
But such surpass not much this scene.
Behold! o'er the helmets on each head
A light most miraculously is shed.

Mordesti is there, arrayed in knightly garbs,
With two white and richly-caparisoned barbs,

All restless and impatient of the bridle-rein,
Each with hoofs of gold and silvery mane.
These be steeds that bear his car along
Safely amid darkness and in dawn,
For oft he mounts him up the fleecy air
To see what strange thing is doing there.

But one of these steeds is for Republica,
The second to bear Mordesti away,
While two-and-forty others just as fair,
Attractively caparisoned and trim,
Spring forth impatient to mount the air,
With flowing fetlock at each limb.
These, each with a goddess mounted on,
Impatient seek the realms of fairy dawn.

Harps of exquisite harmony are sounding
Throughout the far celestial hills,
While choruses with joy resounding
Each bosom with loving ardor fills.

Now the gentle sisters, one and another, alight,
Holding their steeds by bridles tight,
While obeisance to the renowned there
Each of them makes with becoming care.

Thus, from one stray orb unto another,
Friendly conversing with each other,
This wondrous family speed them on,
  Sometimes through densest darkness,
Then, again, through fairest dawn;
  This and that long way at a guess.

Ah! what do people of the other worlds think
  As they behold this equestrian crew
Passing through clouds darksome as ink
  With accoutrements flashing and new?
It matters not what their ideas may be,
Still on they vaulting go and free,
First over canopy, then over hill.
Their steeds are fresh and vigorous still,

Anxious as are the riders they bear
To explore each and every condition of air.

At worlds that are found upon no chart
  They stop to visit by the way,
And, when preparing therefrom to depart,
  A fond farewell they each do say.
Of all the varied kind of folks,
From the freeman to the slave in yokes,
With whom this company come in contact,
They walk and wend most circumspect,
Making a fair impression wherever they go,
Both to angel and Cupid with golden bow.

Finally the fair equestrian company alight,
Not far from our famed capitol site.
Ah, indeed, they have need of rest,
For such a long ride is quite a test.

Their steeds go bounding off to graze
Under the sun's downfalling rays,

While the company shortly repair
To the castle court of Republica rare,
Not many roods from that very spot
Whose sheltering fold is frequent sought
By weary rangers from the glowing skies,
On mission direct from paradise.

Arrived at the castle court so grand,
All unseen by the people of this land,
Fair Republica retires to her rest,
And soon is wrapt in slumber blest;
As, indeed, are the entire company too,
Their wearied and vital energies to renew.

After meet and slumberous repose
This fair bright company uprose,
And gave a kind of public entertainment,
Moved by minds of harmonious bent.

'Twas held on a lawn of fairest green,
As lovely a spot as ever yet was seen,

Right in the centre of the court-yard large,
Under Republica and Mordesti's charge;
And well may we imagine, too,
That not a thing which they could do
For the comfort and cheer of those who came
Was missing or omitted from the same.
Besides, word had been generally sent out,
In order to place it beyond a doubt
That they wished the celestials fair
To be called and congregate there.

Well indeed did the messengers obey,
For many from the realms of day
Soon halted to rest their wings
Near the castle's outward borderings;
And then, when their plumage was put in
The most pleasing and perfect trim,
They wended into the charmed bound,
Much elated with the sights around.

Everything there, upon either hand,
Was the most costly of the Columbian land;
Indeed, many gems on the palings shone
That might be found about no other home.

Fascinatingly gay was that social scene,
Bewitching as ever shone in the moonbeam;
And, as for attractiveness of costume,
For comparison there was little room:
Each was arrayed in garments best of all
That could be secured upon this ball.

Of course, the four fair sisters, they,
Held in the social headmost sway;
Not even Republica, with all her grace,
A whit fairer was of form or face.
Ah! it was a most delightful scene,
Was that company of fair and radiant mien.

Still, the four young sisters, you know,
Were anxious back to their bounds to go;

For it was something very new to be
State goddesses on full equality
With so many gifted sisters grand
As hold favors in this liberty land.
Hence, soon the last of them was gone;
They didn't wait until another dawn,
But flew on swiftest wings away,
Each to assume her independent sway.

Washington and Montana oftentimes did meet,
To discourse of conduct most discreet
In starting the machinery of state;
For it was a task not slight, but great,
To arrange everything in working order
In those days upon the frontier border,—
Not like the eastern and older-settled lands.
Oft assembled desperate and daring bands,
Some dire and nefarious scheme of ill
  Concocting with their wicked brains,
Hesitating not to slay and kill,
  And stain with blood those western plains.

It was these things that greatly tried
The goddesses of those dominions wide.
However, as time went slowly by,
They each were cheered by Mordesti,
Who oft and often winging came
With some request in Republica's name,—
Some suggestion or order of state
Of paramount and controlling interest great.

And very frequently would others come,
When the toils and cares of day were done,
In governing their subjects north and south,
To utter some friendly word of mouth;
For never a whit of jealousy doth reign
In breast, in being, or in brain
Of any of these sisters forty-and-two,
With others near approaching into view.

Meanwhile, fair Republica is engaged
At the government's important head,

And by many bright heralds paged,
Who ever keep regular step and tread.
Indeed, these pompous pages were the talk
Of many an admiring human flock,
For they were always dressed to admire,
And their wondrous speed did never tire;
Besides, their wills were always good:
They never turned sulky nor fell into a mood.

There are ninety of this little line
Ever attendant on Republica divine,
At all times ready to do her will.
She commands the whole with consummate skill,
Sending them hither and thither away
To make known her wish without delay.

But my Muse has been long delayed
On this fragrant and flowery glade
With this particular part of my song,
And becomes impatient now to be gone;

So, methinks, I'd best bid her good-by
And hail the next that goes winging nigh,
For I have somewhat more to say
Ere bringing to a close this national lay..

PART VII.

DESTINY.

DESTINY.

READER, turn we now to the future time;
Of such are the thoughts of my Muse divine,—
This newly approached and timid fair,
Who has just fluttered to me through the air;
Indeed, she comes with bright and golden shoes,
And dress bespangled with the dews.
She holds within her radiant hand
  A rod of silvered and dazzling sheen;
She seemeth a being bright of the land,
  With bearing lofty and supreme.
Most benign and heavenly is her eye;
To question her of the future I will try.

"Ye Muse, hither sent to aid my strain,
  From what mountain far cometh you?

Otherwise, what stretch of sloping plain?
For I would thou ope the future to my view.
Ah, indeed, I feign would know
Whether prosperity, weal, or woe
Shall attend this nation in her strides
Through the ebbing and the flowing
Of counter and greatly adverse tides,
As the ages continuously are going?"

"Then," said Clio, for such was the Muse's name,
"Of these things you ask me all in vain,
For 'tis not given to our order to know
The destiny of mortals on the earth below;
However, if thou wouldst be informed of such things,
Pray linger thou here for a while,
And I'll haste me on tireless wings
Into the deep universe many a mile,—
Away to our father, the mighty Jove,
For I know whereat he now doth rove;
Yes, to him I will make known your desire,
And, returning, give the answer you require."

At this, Clio spread her glittering pinions,
And soon was in the Olympian dominions,
Presenting the mission of her flight
To Jove, the mighty god of light.
It wasn't very long until once again
The Muse returned and called my name,
Saying, "With your leave I now may tell
Some of the years Republica on earth shall dwell."

"Then," said I, "pray proceed to disclose
Whether the best of weal or whether woes
May attend this nation in her strides,
More favored than all the world besides:
Unto what length of years she may attain?
And if this government shall e'er be twain?—
Thou, gentle Muse, these things answer me,
For into the veiled future I would see."

'Twas thus the fair-faced Clio made reply:
"The moment in which from you I did fly,

Indeed, I beheld a nymph with yellow hair
Cast upon you her loving and gentle care;
She smiled her very sweetest smile,
As if wanting to win her way by guile
In but a few moments of unmeasured time,
Where I, your Muse, wrought for weary years
Ere you penned for me a single line,
Lingering still near you from the spheres."

"Pray," said I, "do not think of that;
For such a yellow-haired and forward nymph
I wouldn't give of my hands a single spat;
Indeed, she's gone to the realms of Navodimph,
And never again will come back to me,
Then, my Clio, kind and courteous be."

Thereupon this gentle Muse seemed more resigned,
And opened unto me her flowing mind,
Saying, with her most guarded strain,
"Mortal, thou asketh of me in vain,

For the great and mighty Jove refused to say
The rounded years of Republica's sway,
Or whether contentious forces shall divide
This realm so lovely, fair, and wide.

"Indeed, thou romantic rhymer of the quill,
The high-exalted Jove took it kind of ill
That a request from mortal should come
Ere he with present duties was done,
To be informed respecting destiny
By this god who holds extended sway."

Said I, "Fair Clio, I here and now
Beg ten thousand pardons of thou;
Indeed, I ought to have known better,
For a kind of restrictive fetter
Seems to have been wisely placed around
All things whatsoe'er on earthly ground."

Then Clio said, "I think it were as well
That thou contentedly upon earth doth dwell

Thy allotted and apportioned time,
Keeping quite free of the ambitious line;
For, be assured, it is best you do not know
Too much of the river of destiny's flow.

"However, destiny is a term to comprehend,
As mortals into the future ages wend:
There is a destiny for the good and bad,
The young girl and the reckless lad,
The saint celestial about the throne,
As well as the wanderer without a home.
It is the very same with rulers great,
Those persons outdone and subdued by fate."

"Clio," said I, "my fair and gentle Muse,
Undoubtedly, if you do not choose
To unfold the wondrous future unto me,
Indeed contented I must be;
But I deemed it no more than fair
That a part of your knowledge with me you'd share.

But, behold! Republica this moment comes,
'Twixt yon inviting grove of shade-trees,
And where the silvery brooklet runs,
Having at her girdle a bunch of keys:
I wonder if she will not unlock some door
And give me a sight of the fairer shore?
It surely can do no harm to ask her to,
For she's pleased with this sunset view."

Thereat, as I walked some steps away,
I could see that Clio was much vexed, ay,—
Not that I think the Muse doth ever
So much as a particle of jealousy discover;
But, still, she sorrowfully hung her head
As the following friendly greetings were said,—
"Hail! thou fair goddess Republica,
Thrice welcome art thou along this flowery way;
For, I'm now inclined to seek
Some one with whom of destiny to speak.
I was just inquiring of the Muse Clio there
What the gods were busy about in the air;

But of this she didn't care to tell,
For it seems a kind of enchantment spell
Hangs like a submerged glimmer around
The fair and famed halcyon ground."

Republica heard me through with kindness,
Then said, "'Tis merciful, this thy blindness;
Indeed, if the gods deem it unwise,
Why should I read to you the chart of the skies?
And there is very much that I don't know,
As well as you mortals here below."

"But," said I, "dear goddess of our land,
Art thou not related to the angel band?
And is it not given unto you to see
Farther into the future, indeed, than we
Whose earthly sight is all unreal?
Come, fair goddess, let thy bosom feel."

"Mortal, still I perceive you insist
To be informed of what lies beyond the mist,

When I have but too plainly said unto thee
The future is mystery, mystery, mystery,
And that it was indeed the veriest sin
For earth-born to wish to look therein:
So fare thee well; I must away
To other duties, and no more will say."

I stood and gazed until she was out of sight;
Then I turned me from the track she left so bright.
I wended slowly away to newer scenes,
And busied my thought with other themes.
I soon began to ponder to myself
The lives of tiny fay and little elf,
For through a greenwood grove that day
My flowery and useful pathway lay;
So, within its deepest centre I did stand,
To view the charms of God's creative hand.

The foliage on the sheltering trees
Was tremulous in the balmy breeze;

Above my head the deep and liquid arc of blue
Shone distinctly the tree-tops through;
And, reader, mark the lines I write,
Methought I beheld a visioned sight;
For a banner which seemed of inlaid gold
Both long and broad above me rolled,
In lettering of exquisite and silvery shape,—
Each and every mortal's earthly creed,
Without so much as a dash or break;
Likewise, something there of destiny was said,—
The destiny of our fair and goddess maid.

In this respect the lines ran thus:
"Mortal, pray urge not to know of us
Gods who have hung this curtain in the sky
What becomes of each and all who die;
For, indeed, it is enough that we
Safely keep the keys of the castle of destiny.

"But, 'twill be the same with the goddesses of air,
Who are related to the gods so fair,

Years in the future, from this time on,
After all shades of darkness are gone.
Then, indeed, will things come to pass
Which are pictured in no earthly glass,—
Mighty, vast, profound of kind;
For then the awakening powers of mind,
The immortal effluvia of the soul,
And sum of existence shall comprise the whole.

"Mortal, while in this grove you stand,
Many there are of the unseen at hand,
More grandly robed than aught of earth,
And of a much higher and nobler birth.
Some have crowns of gold their heads upon,
While more wear garments made of dawn,
With bright, bespangled, and beauteous folds,
Making gladsome earth's barren wolds.

"Then, wanderer in this grove, if 'tis true,
And the same is vouchsafed to you,

Would it at all seem to be strange
Should Republica's life have its range
Terminated in the future and distant time,
As the bells of the ages resounding chime?

"Nothing save what has been authorized
By the Great and Supreme of the skies
Has found a place upon this chart,
Gained from the universe's remotest mart;
And greatly pleased thou shouldst be
Into futurity so very deep to see.

"Right in this place is a paragraph or two
Which, we doubt not, will interest you:
For it was writ by an angel divine,
One of the fairest and most godly of his line;
And, of course, the same should perfect be,
And fraught with pledges fair to see."

Here I read for the space of fifteen minutes good,
And the import of the reading I understood.

Still, a deep imprecation was placed on me
"If I should with that writing make free
To alter or displace a single line;
For the giving forth of the same
Was sanctioned by God the divine
And dignified with the authority of his name."

With this explanation, what there I read
'Tis better to leave the same unsaid.
There was very much of shading in sight,
So many bars golden-hued and bright;
Besides, such a mingled sparkling of stars
And uprolling thunder-clouds of Mars,
That I betook me out of the grove
Before the approaching queen of night hove
Her heavy mantle of darkness around
Over the silence so still and profound.

However, as I pursued my backward line,
Republica ahead cast her witchery divine,

For I followed her over hill and holt,
Nimble-limbed as a six-weeks' colt;
Hence, and away to the very castle door,
Where oft I'd noted her of yore.

I would have entered where she went in,
But a fair guardsman said, "It is sin
For mortal to pass this line of life
Ere the ending day of earth's strife;
So you had best be content where you are,
And worship the famed Republica from afar."

In stepped the guardsman and closed the door,
While the damp rain of night began to downpour.
I very well knew some shelter I must seek,
And that many a fast-rising creek
That lay fair between me and my home
Shortly thereafter would be overflown,
Thus barring my dangerous and pathless way
From those with whom 'tis pleasant to stay.

Reader, it matters not further to trace
My homeward flight or uneven race.
I arrived there safely, all in good time
Had access to both cottage and pine;
Read and wrote whatsoever I wot,
On the hopes of the human lot;
And, when other duties were done,
I sat in the shade of the departing sun,
Wondering what Republica could be
Doing, that she never came back to me.

FINIS.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 785 500 1